I Don't Mean it When I Tell You That I don't Love You Anymore

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I Don't Mean it When I Tell You That I don't Love You Anymore

by dylan69

Summary

Alana stops by Hannibal’s office to surprise her boyfriend. Instead of a peaceful dinner date like she expected, she catches an eyeful of Hannibal doing something truly awful to Will.

“But, I’ll take your virginity later, once you’re in the proper throes of heat. For now, stupid, little omega, I’ll just have to make a new hole.” Hannibal reached into his suit pocket and pulled out a scalpel.

The blade glinted in the low light of the office, reflecting Will’s terrified face.

The omega thrashed, his desire to fight renewed. Hannibal backhanded Will, the sound of the slap so loud Alana psychically felt it. Bruises blossomed like roses across Will’s cheekbone.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Alana smiled as she picked up the bottle of red wine. She'd bought the bottle earlier that day as a gift for Hannibal and her three month anniversary. She didn't expect Hannibal to remember, and she had no intent to bring it up, but she felt sentimental enough to buy the wine.

The alpha woman had come to Hannibal's office at seven pm. She knew the other alpha would still be there, as he tended to stay late organizing patient notes. Alana bit her lip as she closed the door to her Volvo, wondering if she'd be able to entice her boyfriend into a tryst.

She walked to the door, already excited about the prospect of riding Hannibal in the low light of his fancy office. Hannibal was subdued about their relationship, rarely acknowledging it outside of the bedroom, but he was so good there Alana had let it slide. She intended to talk to the alpha man later tonight, to decide what their future together would look like and how to go public with their relationship.

Alana scented the air, noticing that there was a fragrant omega scent accompanying Hannibal's. It was sweet, a little like petrichor and mint, and it took her a few moments to recognize it. She knew Will's normal scent, but it was currently drenched in pre-heat.

"H-hannibal, no!" Will cried from inside the room. Alana froze, shoulders raising. Will sounded distressed, terrified.

Alana grabbed the knob of the door and tried to open it, but it was locked tight. Suddenly, the knob began to shift in her hand, as if someone was frantically grabbing at it.

"No, no, no," Will's voice broke through, as if he was on the other side of the door, "why is it locked?"

Alana cringed, wondering what was wrong with Will. Was he having an encephalitis relapse or did this have to do with his crusade against Hannibal? She sighed, but knew that if Will was having delusions, it was better that he dealt with them directly with Hannibal rather than spreading rumors.

Alana just didn't know why Will would leave his home this far into pre-heat. The omega was normally religious about suppressants and scent neutralizer. A little slutty, she thought, before mentally smacking herself. She knew better than to think of omegas like that.

Curiosity got the best of the alpha woman and she peered through the door crack.

Will's back was shoved to the door, making it nearly impossible for Alana to see what was going on.

"Don't touch me!" Will shrieked, causing Alana to flinch. Omega histrionics, she thought. Will had been indulging his rather hysterical instincts after prison. Alana wished he was stable enough to mate; an alpha would be good for him.

Hannibal's hand snaked between the back of Will's hair and the door. The alpha grabbed Will's curls and threw him onto the ground. He collided with a sickening crack, thrown so

hard that he bounced on the hardwood.

Alana fingers gripped the door frame. Did Will attack Hannibal? The omega must have done something to prompt Hannibal's reaction.

The alpha moved with a silent violence, an unsaid threat present in his very form. Will scrambled back, blood wetting his temples, "Hannibal, please don't do this, please." Dread pooled in Alana's stomach as she watched.

Hannibal loomed over Will, fisting the collar of his shirt and tearing it off with such force the omega was lifted off the ground.

Alana startled and tugged at the door, trying to force the lock to give. Something was *very* wrong. The door held as if it was made of pure steel.

Will scrambled backwards, pulling his phone out of pocket. Alana pounded on the door, to no response.

He froze when Hannibal spoke, "If you call anyone I'll kill you."

The omega sucked in a breath and Alana's muscles froze. Hannibal continued, "You can make all the noise you want, but if you call anyone," The alpha grabbed Will by his hair and pulled the omega up, giving him no way to support himself so he was forced to dangle by his scalp, "if you *tell* anyone, I'll eat you alive."

Alana could see the veins in Will's throat pulse, his heartbeat rabbit-fast. "I'll chain you up in my basement and cut you up, slice by slice and consume *all* of you."

The alpha man bent down, dragging his alpha fangs across Will's collarbones, leaving sharp, red lines. He lapped at the spilt blood, grinning.

His smile shook Alana to her core. It was cold, animalistic, and terrifying; it was the smile of a killer. Alana understood, in that moment, how Will could cross his wires into thinking Hannibal was the Ripper.

Her lungs froze, wondering how long this had been going on. Had Hannibal been assaulting Will the entire time the omega was his patient? Guilt stuck in her throat, knowing that she was the one who forced Will on Hannibal. Had she taken him under her care, he wouldn't be here.

She was brought out of her thoughts as a sickly gurgling sound filled the room. Hannibal's knee rested on Will's throat, Will's weak fingers scrambling at the alpha's clothed leg. The alpha grabbed Will's pants and tore them off as well. Hannibal snatched both of Will's thin wrists in one hand, squeezing until Will's fingers spasmed.

Alana caught an eyeful of pale, delectable, omega skin. She felt her mouth watering as she saw Will's soft thighs and juicy ass; his small, hard cock bounced as he squirmed. The alpha woman wondered why Will wasn't wearing underwear, *a little slutty* she thought. She then immediately shook her head, disgusted with herself.

“Understand the only reason I have not shattered your weak, omegan bones,” Hannibal yanked Will’s arms upward, pulling until the omega whimpered, “is because your heat is coming up, and I don’t want to hear you cry while I breed you.”

“My-my heat?”

Hannibal laughed, the sound falling from his lips like stone, “You think I’d let you leave, stupid omega? You’re more of an idiot then I thought. Tell me, do you think at all, or do your base desires bounce around in your empty skull?”

“My base desires?” Will asked, offense mixing with the fear in his tone.

“You wandered in here, little slut, reeking of preheat, waving your whorish little ass around. You *wanted* a proper alpha to take you.”

“N-no, I didn’t want this!” Will exclaimed, squirming.

“This says otherwise.” Hannibal smirked, swirling his fingers in Will’s slick hole. The omega was dripping, leaving a wet patch on the floor and causing his thighs to shine. Hannibal licked his fingers, “Delicious, here, taste some.”

Hannibal plunged his fingers between Will’s lips, using his thumb to jam up into his throat, “Bite and I remove your jaw.”

Will whined, his chest heaving under the alpha. Hannibal grabbed Will’s left leg, aggressively bending it forward until Will’s knee collided with his shoulder. His hip popped, forcing an agonized whine out of the small omega, “S-stop!”

Hannibal slapped Will across his face, grabbing his jaw, “Stay quiet.”

The alpha ripped the last shreds of Will’s pants and tightly tied the fabric around the omega’s wrists. He hauled over a heavy chair and slammed the leg down between his hands, pinning the fabric in place. Will thrashed, unable to free himself.

Hannibal moved off Will’s chest, shifting down towards his hips. Will growled, trying to kick Hannibal, only to miss. The alpha grabbed Will’s plump thighs, nails piercing the skin, and forced his legs apart. He pushed until the omega’s legs were spread uncomfortably wide.

Alana couldn’t rip her eyes away, her arousal blooming as Will’s winking hole was put on display. She *had* to watch, she told herself, so she could find a good time to break in and save Will. That was the only reason she was still watching, she tried to reason with herself, to justify her actions. Slick gushed out of Will, the blood from his thighs dripping down and mixing with it to color it a light pink.

Hannibal leaned over Will, pressing his cock head to the omega’s entrance. Will lay below him, panting, tears breaking free of his eyes and leaking down his face. “Hannibal, please,” he begged, “Do anything else, just not that!”

“Oh, why not, little omega?” Hannibal asked, a taunting tone filling his words.

“I’m saving that for mating.” Will mumbled, weak.

“How chaste, completely unexpected from a whore like you.” Will flinched under the weight of the degrading words. “Nonetheless,” Hannibal continued, “I do know just how hard you’ve worked to save that. I know how many times you’ve convinced me to only use your mouth or to receive my pleasure in *other ways*.”

Will whimpered and Alana felt bile hit the back of her teeth. How long had Will been suffering in silence, she wondered. Protective fury nestled between her ribs, she’d make sure Hannibal paid for what he’d done. She’d get his license revoked, she’d send him to prison. Alana’s heart ached as she remembered all the times she’d brushed off Will, every time she’d accused him of being paranoid and obsessive. She’d been so blind. Alana knew she’d make it up to the omega, somehow.

Alana grabbed her phone, quickly turning on a recording. She’d take the evidence to Jack, she’d make sure they captured Hannibal once he was far, *far* away from Will.

“But, I’ll take your virginity later, once you’re in the proper throes of heat. For now, stupid, little omega, I’ll just have to make a new hole.” Hannibal reached into his suit pocket and pulled out a scalpel.

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Hannibal grabbed Will’s balls, roughly squeezing then pulling the skin taunt. Will jerked away, trying to kick Hannibal. The alpha’s arm froze, dragging the blade down the length of Will’s hard cock.

“I wouldn’t try anything, unless you’d like to lose this.” The alpha said, nicking the base of Will’s shaft, “It isn’t anything but a pretty, puny, little toy. It’s not like you’d ever need it.” He harshly flicked the head, watching Will’s cock sway back and forth. “*This* is little more than a cruel evolutionary joke, a leftover from when you were something less pathetic. Now, much like you, this pitiful thing is nothing but a plaything for your betters.”

Hannibal inserted the tip of the scalpel below Will’s balls, pulling it down until the cut was three inches wide. He set the blade down, then moved his hand, placing his thumb over Will’s hole, and pressing up, forcing the cut to open. “There, a proper, pretty, little cunt.”

“You’re so lucky, little thing, that you have a doctor as your alpha. If I’d cut even a centimeter too far, you would die.” Will turned to stone under Hannibal. Alana wondered if Hannibal really would kill Will, if he’d use Will until the omega died around his cock, fucking into him until the alpha’s knot ruptured Will’s insides. Awful, disgusting, horrible arousal boiled in her stomach.

The alpha ran two fingers through the puddle of slick on the floor, running the dripping digits over the cut. Blood ran down Will’s ass, melding with the blood from the wound on his thighs and the slick pouring from him. The harsh red was like roses on snow. It made Alana

want to *bite*. She wanted to sink her teeth into that pale flesh, to break down the door and take Will for herself. She shuddered, nauseated by her instinctual desires. She was watching something awful, something disgusting.

Hannibal's cock head pressed against the wound, slowly pushing inside."Now, you stupid animal, will need to stay completely still." His breath wavered as half his cock was buried, "If you jerk, or buck, or do some other idiotic thing, I may rip your bladder or womb."

He pulled out by an inch and forced himself back in, "I don't think you can understand anything more complicated than being a cock-hungry little hole, so I'll spell it out to you. If you tear, you will die, slowly and painfully, of infection. I'll keep you all chained up to watch you waste away. You'll be so sweet, weak and shaking with fever. Your holes will be so much warmer for me as you burn."

"B-be careful, please." Will cried, fresh tears coating his face, highlighting the blossoming bruises that covered it.

Will was gorgeous when he cried, Alana thought, heat boiling over in her stomach. His face grew flushed and red, his eyes shined. He had an aching, beautiful vulnerability that made the alpha in her want to sweep him up and comfort him and fuck him until he cried more. She bit her lip, grinding into the meat of her palm, trying to take the edge off her arousal.

Hannibal laughed cold and cruel, harshly thrusting into the wound, before pausing, "Of course, pet, I merely joke. I have no desire to kill you, when it is so much more pleasurable to keep you forever."

Will sobbed.

"So pretty when you cry." Hannibal mused, rolling his hips in small circles, slowly working Will's wound further open, "What a perfect, little toy. Just made to be used as a hole, warm and open for your alpha. I should properly empty your head, swirl your brains until you're nothing but my sweet, docile sex doll." The alpha placed his first index knuckle over Will's right nostril, shoving upward. Will's face scrunched under the pressure as Hannibal pushed, "You've got a beautiful nose, perfect for a lobotomy. Imagine how much easier your life would be without those worthless little thoughts bouncing around your skull. You'd finally understand that you need an alpha to do your thinking for you."

The cold water of shame washed over Alana, Hannibal's alpha chauvinism a cruel parody of her own thoughts. She moved her hand, drawing out her own *loathsome* pleasure.

Will whimpered, breath harsh around Hannibal's hand until he retracted it. Hannibal rolled his hips until every inch of Will's body locked.

"Do you feel that, little thing?" Hannibal asked, "That is your prostate, on the other side. Your little cunt has a g-spot."

A watery moan escaped Will's lips, before Hannibal plunged two fingers into the omega's hole, punching another sound out of him. The muscles in Will's things thrashed.

“That,” Hannibal punctuated his words by pulling out his fingers and cock, then shoving them back in, “is the other side of your prostate, the side normally stimulated during sex.

Will came, cum shooting from his small cock, hitting Hannibal’s torso, catching in his net of chest hair.

The alpha grinned wickedly, his hips whipping in and out of Will’s bleeding wound. The sound of slapping filled the room, the pace brutal.

“Say you enjoy it.” Hannibal said.

“N-no.” Will wimped, prompting Hannibal to grab his hair, lifting Will’s head, then throwing it down on the floor.

Will screamed, the high pitched, hoarse cry turning into words, “I like it, I like it!”

“Say that you’re a whore.”

“I’m a whore, I’m a dirty whore!” Will said between choked sobs, cum dribbling out of his cock.

Alana’s other hand covered her mouth, silencing her groan as she came, wetness spreading in her underwear as distaste filled her chest.

Hannibal pulled out, his rock hard cock dripping blood as he stood up, looming over Will. He used every inch of his impressive alpha height, causing Will to curl into himself on the floor. The alpha pumped his dick twice, then came over the omega. He produced an impressive amount, even for an alpha, ropes of cum coating Will’s chest, limbs, face, and hips. His cum mixed with Wills, dripping down the omega’s small cock and round, abused ass.

“Such a whore. I wonder if your hole is so slutty, so hungry for alpha seed, that you’ll get pregnant from my cum dripping into you.”

The alpha stood, watching blood, slick, and cum dry on Will’s body for several minutes, before he bent down by Will’s head and stroked the omega’s hair. With one hand, he untied Will’s wrist, gently rubbing a circle into the soft underside of his arm.

“Color?” Hannibal asked, tone creeping somewhere close to fondness.

“Green.” Will said, watching the alpha turn around, “That was amazing.”

Gears turned in Alana’s mind, her eyebrows shot up.

“D’you have a juice pouch?” Will asked, still sprawled out on the floor.

What the *hell* was going on, Alana’s mind screamed.

“I do, but I wish you'd drink something better. I have offered to make you organic alternative”

“I'm not drinking gourmet juice pouches. You’re the one who insisted we do aftercare instead of just letting me leave. Now get me a Capri Sun.”

Aftercare? Alana’s mouth went dry, finally realizing what she’d witnessed.

Hannibal sighed, then opened a cabinet to reveal a hidden mini-fridge, from which he pulled a juice pouch. He also retrieved a sterilized, suture needle, a syringe filled with liquid, and thread.

A BDSM scene, Alana thought, Will and Hannibal take part in intense, yet *consensual* BDSM scenes.

The alpha handed the juice to Will, then pierced the needle above Will’s wound. He tapped Will’s inner thigh, “Do you feel anything?”

Will shook his head. Hannibal then ripped open the needle package and began to stitch up the injury.

Hannibal moved over Will’s body, disinfecting and bandaging the omega’s wounds, “I believe you should come to-”

“I’m not going over to your house. This,” Will gesture between them, “is not a relationship. We don’t go on dinner dates.”

Hannibal’s shoulders sagged a little.

Wait, Alana wondered, incredulous, if this was consensual, was her boyfriend *cheating* on her?

The alpha man walked over to the door and unlocked it, sliding it open to reveal Alana’s shocked face.

“What,” she said, pausing to dramatically suck in a breath, “is going on?”

“Hannibal and I were having sex.” Will replied, nonchalant, from the floor.

“I thought you hated Hannibal!” She nearly shouted, staring at Will over Hannibal’s shoulder.

“Well, you know what they say,” Will shrugged, “If you can’t beat ‘em, fuck ‘em.”

“No one says that!” Alana whirled around to point a finger at Hannibal’s chest.

“You’re cheating on me with a man who tried to have you killed!” She exclaimed.

“Allegedly tried to have him killed.” Will added, around his juice pouch straw.

“In order to cheat on you, we would have needed to be in a relationship.” Hannibal responded.

The room was so silent Alana could hear a juice pouch straw drop.

“We *are* in a relationship!”

“You *are* in a relationship!”

Hannibal blinked as the omega and alpha woman practically yelled at him. He turned to Will, walking towards him and caressing the omega’s face, “Will, I would never betray you like that. Alana and I slept together because I needed an alibi for the night Gideon was killed.”

“Ha!” Will said, propping himself on his elbows, “I knew it! I knew I could get a confession out of you via post orgasm honesty!”

“How could I ever lie to you, my angel, my muse, my beautiful omega?” Hannibal asked, watching Will with starry eyes.

“Oh,” Will paused, expression softening, “That’s actually kind of sweet-”

“Stop having a fucked up romance moment, right not. Why would you need an alibi for the night Abel Gideon died?” Alana hissed, her mind roaring into overdrive, “You wouldn’t need an alibi unless…”

The blood drained from Alana’s face. Will was right. Hannibal was the Ripper. She glanced up, watching Hannibal cradle Will’s face like a fucked up version of Romeo and Juliet. Alana scrambled back, hitting the wall then sprinting out of Hannibal’s office.

She still had a recording. She could show it to Jack and have both Hannibal and Will arrested.

The next day, when Jack, Alana, and several FBI agents showed up to Hannibal’s house, only to find it completely abandoned. The house was almost completely intact, untouched except for a single piece of paper sitting on the kitchen cabinet.

A cream and gold colored wedding/mating ceremony invitation for Hannibal ‘The Ripper’ Lecter-Graham and Will “Ex-FBI profiler’ Lecter-Graham.

End Notes

none of this is medically accurate! like! at all!!

but it is hot! so thats enough for me. also, remember kids, if you do any kind of bdsm scene or anything like that, make sure to do some aftercare! its good for everyone

fic title from Oceanographer's Choice by the mountain goats

thank you to everyone who comments and leaves kudos!! yall r the best! also thank u to theo, my beta reader

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!